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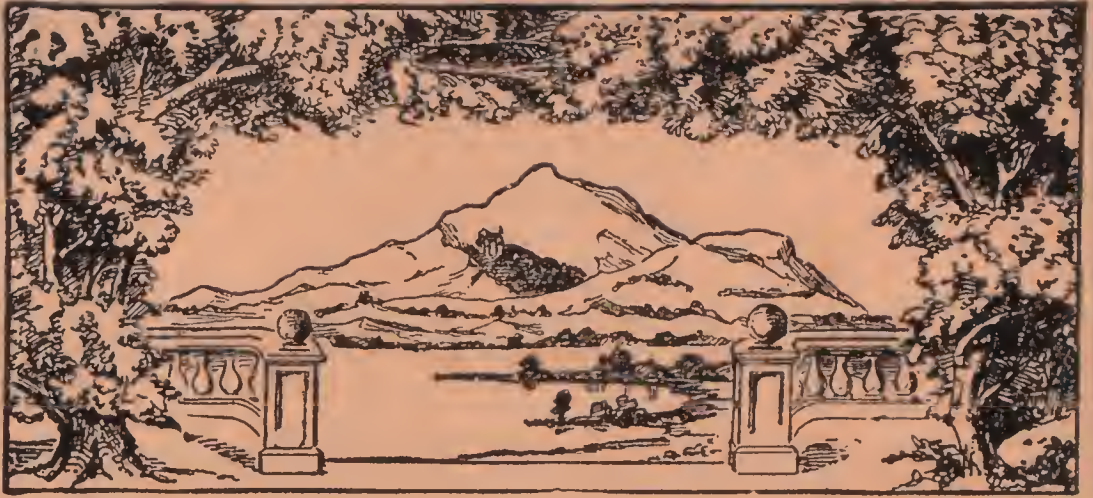
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ONE ACT.

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AMERICAN.—Light frock coat, vest and trousers, and broad hat.

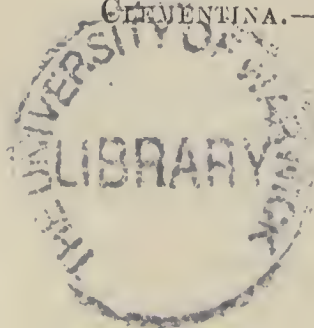
FRENCHMAN.—Dressing gown, trousers, beard, and moustache.

SCOTCHMAN.—Full Highland dress.

INDIAN.—Dress of the country.

Mrs. TIPPITY.—High-necked modern dress.

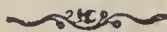
ARGENTINA.—Dark cotton dress, short sleeves, apron, &c.



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APARTMENTS,

“Visitors to the Exhibition may be accommodated,” &c.



SCENE.—*Sitting room, furniture of a snug quiet class—chimney board, C.—door, L. C., passage beyond, and street door at back, backed by street door, L.—window, (practicable) R. C., and backs of houses—door, R. 2 F.—stage enclosed each side—at the rising of the curtain a bell rings, R., and immediately afterwards another, L.—CLEMENTINA discovered with dust pan and brush, sweeping.*

CLEM. Coming! Now then, be quiet, can't you? Drat the Exhibition, I say, and the visitors too! (*yawning*) Keeping a poor girl running about, the whole blessed night. Missus makes them pay dear enough for their beds; they might make use of them instead of sitting up till—(*bell, L.*) Coming! That's the gent in the back attic. (*bell, R.*) Now then! can't come to both of you at once, can I? Why there's not a hole or corner in the house that isn't let, and only one poor girl to do all the work. I can't stand it much longer. (*knocking at street door, L. U. E.*) Go on, that's right. There's the street door, now—well, they won't catch me answering that at any rate, we've got enough people in the house already without—(*knocking louder*) Will you be quiet? (*bells ring R. and L.*) Now, which am I to go to? Well, the street door's the nearest—here goes. Who's there? (*opens door in flat, and then the street door*)

Enter MR. TIPPITY, L. C., with carpet bag, travelling case, umbrella, &c.—he is muffled in great coat and shawl.

Oh! master, is it you? I am so glad to see you home again. I thought you were never—(*bell, R.*) Coming! (*very loud*)

TIP. Don't, Clementina, don't raise your voice in that absurd way—here, help me off with my coat.

CLEM. Yes, sir.

MRS. TIPPITY. (*outside, L.*) Clementina!

CLEM. Yes, mum. (*going, L.*)

FRENCHMAN. (*outside, R.*) Garçon?

CLEM. Yes, monsieur. (*bell, R.*) Coming. *Exit, R., with coat.*

TIP. Why, what the deuce is all this bustle about? Oh, the lodgers I suppose. To think of Mrs. Tippy's turning the house into a lodging house for the visitors to the Exhibition—giving up a millinery business that brought her in two hundred a year too. But, as she says, no one thinks of trade in Exhibition time. Her letters assure me she's making money like dirt. I do so long to see her. It's so nice to get home again after the weary wanderings of a commercial traveller, in the lace and trimming line, and after a long night's journey on the Great Western line, to settle calmly down and enjoy the sweets of home with all its quiet—(*bells R. and L. ring very loud*) Holloa! well, we'll leave out the quiet, but to sit contentedly down. (*sits in easy chair, L. table, and jumps up directly and takes a boot from a chair with a spur*) Oh, damn it, we'll leave out the sitting down too. But to listen to the gentle voice we love.

MRS. T. (*outside*) Clementina! you idle good for nothing—

Enter MRS. TIPPITY, L. 1 E., carrying a tray with two tumblers, jug of hot water, and plate of sandwiches

TIP. Mrs. T.

MRS. T. My Tippy.

TIP. My angel. (*about to embrace her*)

MRS. T. (*passing across to R.*) There, I can't stop now.

TIP. Not for one word of pure affection?

MRS. T. No time for pure affection in Exhibition time.

TIP. Not for one embrace to welcome me from my weary pilgrimage.

MRS. T. Well, after I've taken clean tumblers and hot water to the gentleman in the coal cellar—

TIP. Then when you return—

MRS. T. The Spanish Count in the clock case wants a chop.

TIP. But after that—

MRS. T. We'll see.

Enter CLEMENTINA, R.

CLEM. Oh, mum, if you please, the gent with the long beard, him as is going to sleep under the kitchen dresser, says have you such a thing as a corkscrew you can lend him?

MRS. T. Oh, he be hanged, let him wait. Who's he? I might have had three times as much for that dresser as his paltry three pounds.

TIP. Three pounds for a dresser?

CLEM. Yes, sir, please everything's uncommon dear now—they make you pay fourpence for a threepenny 'bus.

TIP. But, my dear—

MRS. T. Tippy, mind your own business, if you please.

TIP. But my sweetest—

MRS. T. May I request, sir, you will not interfere?

TIP. My love, really, I only—

MRS. T. Don't be a brute, sir.

TIP. A brute! I a brute, now? I, who never—

MRS. T. If you were not a brute, sir, would you have been enjoying yourself the whole night in a nice second-class carriage, and leaving your poor wife slaving at home?

TIP. (*wriking with the remembrance*) A nice second-class carriage. (*aside*)

MRS. T. But it's always the way with you men.

TIP. Now, my angel—

MRS. T. Don't angel me, sir. (*bell, l.*) Clementina, Clementina! I say, is the girl asleep or deaf?

CLEM. (*who has quietly eaten the sandwiches in the R. corner*) No, mum, I was a thinking.

MRS. T. What?

CLEM. That Britons never should be slaves. (*bell, R.*) Coming! *Exit, R.*

TIP. Now, my angel— *(bell, R.)*

MRS. T. There, sir, do you hear that? Did you ever see angels running to Italian noblemen with bootjacks? (*bell, R.*) Good gracious, I'm coming! *Exit, R.*

TIP. It strikes me somewhat forcibly that the Grand Industrial Exhibition of all Nations has not improved Mrs. Tippity's usually sweet temper. Well, I'll get out of the way. I'm very sleepy, (*yawning*) so I'll go to bed. (*going R.*)

Enter MRS. TIPPITY, R. 1 E.

MRS. T. Pray, may I inquire where you are going to, Mr. Tippity?

TIP. Going, my love, to bed.

MRS. T. (*horrified*) To what, sir?

TIP. Lor! only to think—how stupid of me—I quite forgot it, but now you mention it, I *should* like a bit of supper after my journey. What have you got in the house?

MRS. T. Supper, sir!

TIP. Yes, just a little smack—cold fowl, a chop, or anything—I don't care.

MRS. T. That I should live to see this day—a man I thought I could place implicit faith in, asking for supper in Exhibition time!

TIP. But, my sweet, now really—

MRS. T. Oh, Mr. Tippetty—Mr. Tippetty! and cold fowls selling at a guinea a-piece, and chops absolutely worth their weight in half-crowns.

TIP. Good gracious! is there a famine come to town? or what has thus converted our domestic poultry into guinea fowls?

MRS. T. What, isn't the Exhibition open? ain't we eaten out of house and home by foreigners?

TIP. Foreigners! from *Hungary*, I should say.

MRS. T. Well, that's not bad for you, Tippy; but wherever they come from, London can't find victuals for them. There's that poor dear Mr. Cantelo, in Leicester-square, has been hatching away by steam for the last fortnight, but it's no use, you can't supply them.

TIP. Good gracious! and yet there are political economists who say that the steam power of England could supply the world. Well, it doesn't signify about supper. I'll be off to bed. (*going R.*)

MRS. T. And may I ask, where in the name of all that's extravagant, you intend to sleep?

TIP. I presume, in the mahogany four post of my happier days. You shake your head. Well, then, in the humble turn-up in the attic of my bachelorhood.

MRS. T. You really are the most provoking man in the world—didn't I write you word that I've let our best bedroom to five ladies of quality, and fitted up a chest of drawers for the babies!

TIP. Lor! but the humble turn-up of my bachelorhood—

MRS. T. Contains at this moment the distinguished correspondent of the *Cannibal Islands Advertiser*, three distressed Poles, and a Hungarian Member of the Peace Congress.

TIP. Then where *am* I to sleep?

MRS. T. Where? anywhere or nowhere. Nobody sleeps in Exhibition time, except the visitors.

TIP. (*aside*) I feel that I shall shortly be driven to say d——n— (*bell, L.*)

MRS. T. Here, I'm wasting my time, while that poor young man from Quashee Bungo (*crossing L.*) wants a pound's worth of soda water. Tippetty, if you were a man you'd help your poor wife to wait on her lodgers instead of standing there like a post. Let me tell you, sir, if you want to get up in the world, (*bell, L.*) there's the attic. *Exit, L.*

TIP. Help! yes, I will help. There's no help for it—no bed—no supper—no comfort. Wait on my lodgers—make money—that's the plan. (*takes napkin from table*) Here, what's to be

done? who wants to be waiting on? Now, then, here I am—give your orders, gents, the waiter's in the room. (*bell rings R.*) Coming!

Running off, R., against CLEMENTINA, who enters with tray, &c.

Here, what have you got there, Clementina!

CLEM. Supper for the French gent, sir.

TIP. (*removes cover*) Ha, one steak, one taters, and a trifle for the waiter. (*kisses her*)

CLEM. Oh, sir!

TIP. Here, give me the tray. (*takes and places it on table*) How nice it smells—how I wish I was one of my own lodgers. Oh, Clementina, if you could only get me a bit of supper—

CLEM. Couldn't, sir, missus has got it all locked up.

TIP. A crust of bread and cheese?

CLEM. None to be had, sir, never sees none now, sir.

TIP. And you, what do you live on?

CLEM. Nothing in particular, sir—anything I can find.

TIP. Good gracious! and this is my house! and where do you sleep?

CLEM. Lor bless you, sir, servants in lodging houses never sleep at all.

TIP. Oh, this must be altered.

CLEM. Yes, sir.

TIP. The lodgers get supper—the lodgers get beds—lodgers get everything. Damme, I'll be a lodger—I'll not be treated as one of the family any longer. Clementina, you shall be a lodger—come, sit down and have some supper.

CLEM. But the French gent, sir—

TIP. Hang the French gent, sir.

CLEM. But missus—

TIP. Hang missus—hang everything. An Englishman's house is his castle, and I will be master. I will have supper—I will have a bed. Clementina, go and turn those five ladies of quality out of my room, and tell them to take their babies out of the drawers. Stop, send your mistress here.

CLEM. Yes, sir. (*coming, L.*) Won't there be a row?

Exit, L. 1 E.

TIP. No, I won't put up with it—rather welcome poverty and commercial travelling—pecuniary difficulties and millinery and dressmaking. (*sits in easy chair by table*) No supper! thus do I refute the fallacy. (*eats*)

Enter AMERICAN from street door, L. C.

AMERICAN. (*at back of table*) You'll excuse me, stranger, but you're sitting on my bed.

TIP. Transatlantic individual, I'm doing nothing of the kind. The article of household furniture upon which I am sitting is a chair—emphatically a chair.

AMERICAN. Well, you'll just have the kindness to abdicate, if you please. I've engaged that location for the night, and the sooner you move to some other diggings, the better.

TIP. Motion that the speaker do leave the chair. Motion negatived without a division. "In this old chair my father sat."

AMERICAN. Well, I calculate you see this here persuader.

(points a pistol.)

TIP. Murder! thieves!

FRENCHMAN. *(without, R.)* Garçon!

TIP. Who's there? if it's the French invasion, I'm not at home.

Enter FRENCHMAN, R. 1 E.

FRENCH. Vere is my supper? Sacre chien! vat for you eat dis ven I have pay for him. *(collars him)*

TIP. Police!

FRENCHMAN. A bas! vid your dam perfide Albion appetite. *(throws him round to R.)*

TIP. Murder! thieves! police!

Runs to window, R. flat, opens it, calls—a war whoop is heard outside, and a tomahawk is thrown in at him—he ducks his head—turns to escape at R. D.—meets the NORTH AMERICAN INDIAN, who enters, R. 1 E.

INDIAN. *(running across to L.)* The pale faces are dogs, and the red skin will have their scalps to hang up in the wigwams of his race.

TIP. *(back of table)* Red skin, avaunt!

INDIAN. *(L. C.)* The red skin had drank the half and half of the pale faces, and it made him sleepy. He smoked the short pipe of peace, and it soothed him, but his white brother made faces at him through the window, and shouted in his ear.

TIP. His white brother did nothing of the kind.

INDIAN. And the red skin has sworn to be revenged.

(runs after TIPPITY, jumping over the table—TIPPITY, in passing the chimney, knocks down the board and discovers a SCOTCHMAN lying on a bed made up in the fireplace—the AMERICAN and FRENCHMAN talk together, L.—tableau.)

SCOTCH. Now then, my friend, this place is taken for the night—ye can't come in.

TIP. Can't come in! No Scotchman shall oppose my right of way.

APARTMENTS.

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SCOTCHMAN. I beg your pardon. (*getting up*)

AMERICAN. Let me get at him.

FRENCHMAN. Chien! Cochon! I will!

INDIAN. Hoo—o—o—o!

TIP. (*running round and taking up a chair*) Help! assassins! thieves! Clementina!

CLEMENTINA. (*outside, L.*) Coming!

Enter CLEMENTINA, L.

TIP. Oh, Clementina, protect your lord and master.

(CLEMENTINA, *as she enters, takes up a chair, and they stand back to back, turning round as the parties speak.*

CLEM. What are you doing of to my little master?

INDIAN. The red skin will have his scalp.

TIP. Clementina, don't let the red skin have anything of the kind.

AMERICAN. (L.) Young woman, stand aside.

CLEM. Oh, who are you? you hit one of your size.

TIP. Yes, sir, hit one of your size.

FRENCHMAN. Diable! I vill.

(*moves towards him, she keeps him back with chair.*

CLEM. No you won't. The best thing you can all do is to go back to your own countries again.

SCOTCHMAN. I for one decidedly object to that. It's a practice my countrymen here have never been in the habit of pursuing.

Enter MRS. TIPPITY, L., crossing to C.

MRS. T. Now, then, may I ask the meaning of all this?

TIP. Mrs. T., I request you will instantly order these people out of my house.

MRS. T. Your house, sir?

CLEM. Oh, mum, they'll be the death of master.

MRS. T. Serve master right—what mad tricks is he after now?

AMERICAN. Madam, I'd feel rather grateful if you'd inform me as to whether or not I've paid for this chair for the night?

MRS. T. Certainly.

FRENCHMAN. (*advancing to table*) Et moi! have I not paid for zat biftek à la Anglais?

MRS. T. Decidedly.

INDIAN. (R.) And has not the red skin paid for the wigwam in the dog kennel?

MRS. T. The red skin has the receipt for the money.

SCOTCHMAN. And have I no paid for the lum?

MRS. T. Unquestionably.

TIP. And pray, madam, have not I paid something too? Don't I pay the rent of the whole house?

MRS. T. (L. C.) And if you do, what of it? Oh, Mr. Tippetty, have you dared to interfere with the comforts of my lodgers?

TIP. (R. C.) Confound it, madam—your lodgers have interfered with my comforts! I won't have lodgers—I give them all notice. Mounseer, Allez vous ong. Clementina, run for a policeman.

CLEM. Yes, sir. (*going*)

MRS. T. Clementina, stay where you are.

CLEM. Yes, mum.

MRS. T. And now, gentlemen, if you will leave it to me, I'll make it all right. Clementina, show the red gentleman to his kennel.

CLEM. Yes, mum. Come along, Mr. Hoo-o-o-o—here, take your chopper.

INDIAN. (*at door*) Hoo-o o-o!

CLEM. (*jumping*) Don't.

Exeunt CLEMENTINA and INDIAN, R. door.

MRS. T. (*to AMERICAN*) You, sir, will perhaps be good enough to step into the next room while I arrange your couch.

AMERICAN. With pleasure, madam.

Exit, L. 1 E.

MRS. T. And for you, mounseer, I will see another supper cooked at once.

FRENCHMAN. Vive la belle miladi. A bas ze ugly little husband.

Exit, R. 1 E.

MRS. T. (*to SCOTCHMAN*) Will you oblige me by returning once more to—the—the—I beg pardon.

SCOTCHMAN. The lum?

MRS. T. Exactly.

Exit SCOTCHMAN, in chimney.

And now, Mr. Tippetty, what can you say for yourself—you good-for-nothing—oh, oh, oh! (*bursts out crying*)

TIP. Don't cry, you know I can't bear to see you cry—now don't, there's a dear.

MRS. T. Oh, how could you, after all I've done for you! Oh, Tippy, I didn't think you could—

TIP. I couldn't.

MRS. T. You've been so cruel!

TIP. I have.

MRS. T. Behaving like a brute!

TIP. A perfect hippopotamus.

MRS. T. And I who have tried to be so kind!

TIP. An angel!

MRS. T. And slaved as I have.

TIP. A very nigger in fact.

MRS. T. To make such lots of money for you!

TIP. California's nothing to you.

MRS. T. And you to insult my lodgers!

TIP. I beg their pardon.

MRS. T. To have ill feelings towards them!

TIP. No, I love them—I perfectly doat on them! the red gentleman especially.

MRS. T. You won't do it again, Tippy, will you? You won't mind a little inconvenience—think of the money we shall make—and it's only for a few months.

TIP. A few months, without eating or sleeping.

MRS. T. No, don't say that, you *shall* have a bed. Clementina! (*calling*) I'll make you as comfortable as if you were a lodger. Clementina, another bed to make up!

Enter CLEMENTINA, R. D.

CLEM. Oh, lor! where? the house is already as full of beds as a flower garden.

MRS. T. Here, come along. (*putting a rug down, R. C.*)

CLEM. Who for, mum?

MRS. T. For master, to be sure.

CLEM. Master! Oh my—this will do for a pillow.

TIP. That a pillow! Then I suppose this is to be my bed? (*travelling case.*)

MRS. T. Yes, and a very comfortable one too, as times go!

TIP. Lor! what a woman it is!

MRS. T. Now just lie down, and see how snug I'll make you!

TIP. It can't be helped, so here goes. As a commercial traveller, I'm always provided for a snooze. (*puts on nightcap, lies down, C.*)

MRS. T. There, isn't that nice? (*placing table cover over him*)

TIP. Very. Precious hard, though. Oh, for my own four-poster!

MRS. T. You shall have it. Clementina, help me with this table. (*placing a table over him, R. C.*)

CLEM. There you are sir, there's your four-poster.

MRS. T. There, good night—go to sleep, like a good boy; and now I think we are pretty full! (*bell, R.*) There's the first floor!

Exeunt MRS. TIPPITY and CLEMENTINA, R.

TIP. Upon my life, this is pleasant. If they were to send one of the census papers in to-night, I wonder how I should describe myself—not as the head of the family! Oh dear! a bed as soft as a brickbat. The song says, "there's no place like home," and for the sake of human nature in general, I

sincerely hope there is not. However, as she says it's only for the Exhibition time, and I dare say after all my fatigue, I shall sleep soundly. (*yawning*) Heigho! I'm very tired—at any rate, I suppose I shall not be disturbed again. Oh, how sleepy I am!

Enter AMERICAN, L.

AMERICAN. What a tarnation tall walk I have had this day, surely. I calculate it's a good many miles over that Exhibition.

(*seating himself in easy chair, placing his legs on TIPPITY.*)

TIP. Now then!

AMERICAN. Go further.

TIP. You haven't paid for this bed too, have you?

AMERICAN. There, then, (*placing feet on chair*) will that do?

TIP. Good night, sir. (*pause*)

AMERICAN. I say, stranger.

TIP. Go to sleep, do.

AMERICAN. What's your candid opinion of the Exhibition?

TIP. Don't like it. Good night.

AMERICAN. You'll excuse me, but I should like to discuss that topic with you—don't you think it calculated to improve the good feeling between different nations?

TIP. Certainly not, if one nation won't let another nation go to sleep, how can it? Good night.

AMERICAN. But don't you consider—

TIP. No! (*savagely*)

AMERICAN. That the fact is—

TIP. Not a bit of it—good night.

AMERICAN. Well, of all the uncommunicative cretters that ever I saw, (*lights cigar*) here, I say—(*TIPPITY snores*) Very well. (*smokes violently, blowing the smoke under the table*)

TIP. (*coughing*) Hilloa! No smoking allowed in my bed room.

AMERICAN. I should like to discuss *that* subject with you likewise.

TIP. Hang your discussions! Faugh, what a smother! I, that can't bear to be in the same street with tobacco smoke! Will you put out that cigar, sir?

AMERICAN. Certainly not.

TIP. Then I shall be obliged to put you out.

AMERICAN. Eh? (*points pistol round the leg of table*)

TIP. No, I don't mean that. Your smoke's bad enough, but don't fire. (*rolling himself up in table cover*) Oh, I shall be so ill! (*pause—AMERICAN rings bell*)

TIP. Now, then, what do you want now?

AMERICAN. A glass of clean water.

TIP. There's none in London—go to sleep.

AMERICAN. I tell you I must have some water.

TIP. Then go and fetch it—there's a capital pump in the yard.

AMERICAN. Then show the way.

TIP. I shan't. Eh! stop, a good idea. (*getting up*) I will show the way, I shall get rid of him. Here, come along—straight before you. (*points off, R.*)

AMERICAN. Yes.

TIP. Down the steps.

AMERICAN. Down the steps.

TIP. Turn to the right.

AMERICAN. To the right.

TIP. Then to the left.

AMERICAN. Yes, to the left.

TIP. Past the kennel.

AMERICAN. The kennel.

Exit R.

TIP. Till you come to the pump, (*slamming door*) and there you are. Huzza! there's one foe disposed of, and he and the red skin can fight it out between them. Oh, if I could but get all my lodgers to go for water! But then again, my little woman has so set her mind on making money by them, nothing will cure her. (*preparing to lie down*)

Enter MRS. TIPPITY, hurriedly, R.

MRS. T. Tippity, my own Tippy, I am ruined—swindled—robbed!

TIP. No!

MRS. T. That young man I told you of, from Quashee Bungo—

TIP. What has the miscreant been guilty of?

MRS. T. Run up a bill of nineteen pounds, seventeen shillings, and fourpence halfpenny.

TIP. And run himself—the fiend.

MRS. T. No, but he insists on paying it in glass beads and bits of broken looking glass.

TIP. The smasher!

MRS. T. Yes, he will have it that such is the current coin of Quashee Bungo, and he has no other.

TIP. (*aside*) I'm glad of it. (*aloud*) Then send him back to Quashee Bungo.

MRS. T. But that's not all—my best drawing room, that vile young German philosopher, if he hasn't made it smell of smoke so that it won't be sweet this twelvemonth, and oh, Tippy, this room—my own work-room, you have not been smoking?

TIP. Now did you ever *see* me smoke? No, it was that d.— Well, I won't swear, 'twas the American gent.

MRS. T. Oh, why did I take to letting lodgings?

TIP. Why, indeed!

MRS. T. We had a comfortable home—

TIP. A domestic Garden of Eden!

MRS. T. Oh, if we could once more—(*a loud smash of china, R.*) Oh! (*screaming*)

TIP. What's that?

MRS. T. Oh, I knew it—my poor aunt's best china service. Clementina, what's that?

CLEMENTINA. (*outside, R.*) Please mum, it's the fourteen Bedouin Arabs, that have taken the back parlour, they will throw somersets among the tea things.

TIP. It's no use, our lodgers are rapidly breaking up our whole establishment.

Enter CLEMENTINA, R.

CLEM. Oh, if you please, mum, oh!—

TIP. What new horrors? Speak, maiden.

CLEM. Poor little Fido.

MRS. T. My pet! my own sweet poodle! What?

CLEM. Oh, mum, the Chinese gent has caught him.

TIP. Yes—

CLEM. And please, sir, he's skinned him; and when I went in, he was stuffing him with bird's nests for to-morrow's dinner.

MRS. T. Oh, Tippy, Tippy, my poor dear little Fido! shall we submit to this?

TIP. Never!

MRS. T. But what shall we do—and how shall we do it?

TIP. Turn them out.

MRS. T. But they won't go—you've tried that before.

TIP. Then call in the police; we can do that, I suppose.

MRS. T. You can *call* them certainly.

CLEM. Please, sir, the police don't come here now, the areas are full of lodgers.

MRS. T. Oh that I were once more a happy milliner.

TIP. And I a contented commercial traveller.

CLEM. And, oh, I wish I was in bed.

TIP. Stop—I have it. (*crossing C.*) Will you be guided by me? Mrs. T. and Clementina, will you swear allegiance to your lawful sovereign?

MRS. T. } We swear!

CLEM. }

TIP. And will you promise to aid me in banishing the foe?

MRS. T. } We will!
 CLEM. }

TIP. Then listen. You, Clementina, run down to the kitchen, pile up all the old rags, old clothes, kitchen stuff, anything you can find, on the fire, make as much smoke as possible—you, my love, cry that the house is in flames—I'll set all the doors wide open, and then trust to fate for the result. Now, run—look sharp!

Exeunt MRS. TIPPITY, R.—CLEMENTINA, L.

TIP (*throws open all the doors*) Fire! Fire!

Re-enter AMERICAN, with tumbler of water, L.

AMER. Now then, what's the row?

TIP. Water—fetch some water.

AMER. (*offering glass*) Here, what's the matter?

TIP. (*throwing it over him*) Pooh, that's no use—get a bucket full. The house is on fire.

AMERICAN. Then I guess I'm off.

Runs off, L. C., followed by TIPPITY.

SCOTCH. (*throwing down board*) Did anybody call?

Re-enter TIPPITY, with rattle, L. C.—MRS. TIPPITY, ringing a large bell, and CLEMENTINA, shouting "Fire!"—SCOTCHMAN runs out frightened, L. C.—all the LODGERS flock in from various quarters, and rush out at street door—FIVE CHILDREN, the last very small, clinging to one another—TIPPITY, MRS. TIPPITY, and CLEMENTINA bawling "Fire!" as they pass—when they are all off, L. C., TIPPITY locks the street door, and dances about.

TIP. Huzza! Victory! The foe has abandoned the field.

MRS. T. Oh! but the money we might have made—

TIP. Money be—never mind—what's money compared to the comforts of home? Come, we'll begin a new system, and by way of commencing the reform, Clementina, go to bed directly—you're tired.

CLEM. Yes, sir. (*leaning against proscenium, L.*)

TIP. How long have you been without sleep?

CLEM. Ever since the night afore last, sir.

TIP. Then don't get up till the day after to-morrow. (*a loud knocking and shouting heard at street door*) Who's there?

VOICE. (*outside*) The engines.

TIP. Don't want any—call to-morrow.

VOICE. Isn't there a fire?

TIP. No, who sent for you?

VOICE. A French gent.

TIP. Then go and pump on the French gent. (*shouting and*

noise gradually dying away) And now Mrs. T., give me a kiss, we shall have the house to ourselves.

Mrs. T. Oh dear, I hope not.

TIP. Don't misunderstand me—present company of course always excepted. We shall always be glad to see *you* you know. (to AUDIENCE) And if you will honour our apartments with a visit, we will do all in our power to make you comfortable.

(curtain descends, leaving CLEMENTINA outside, asleep against proscenium—bell rings—she wakes up)

CLEM. (to AUDIENCE) Did you ring? Anybody want me? Oh, I am so sleepy, if it ain't anything particular, don't keep me to night. Come again to-morrow, and I'll attend to you with pleasure.

Mrs. T. (behind curtain) Clementina!

CLEM. Coming!

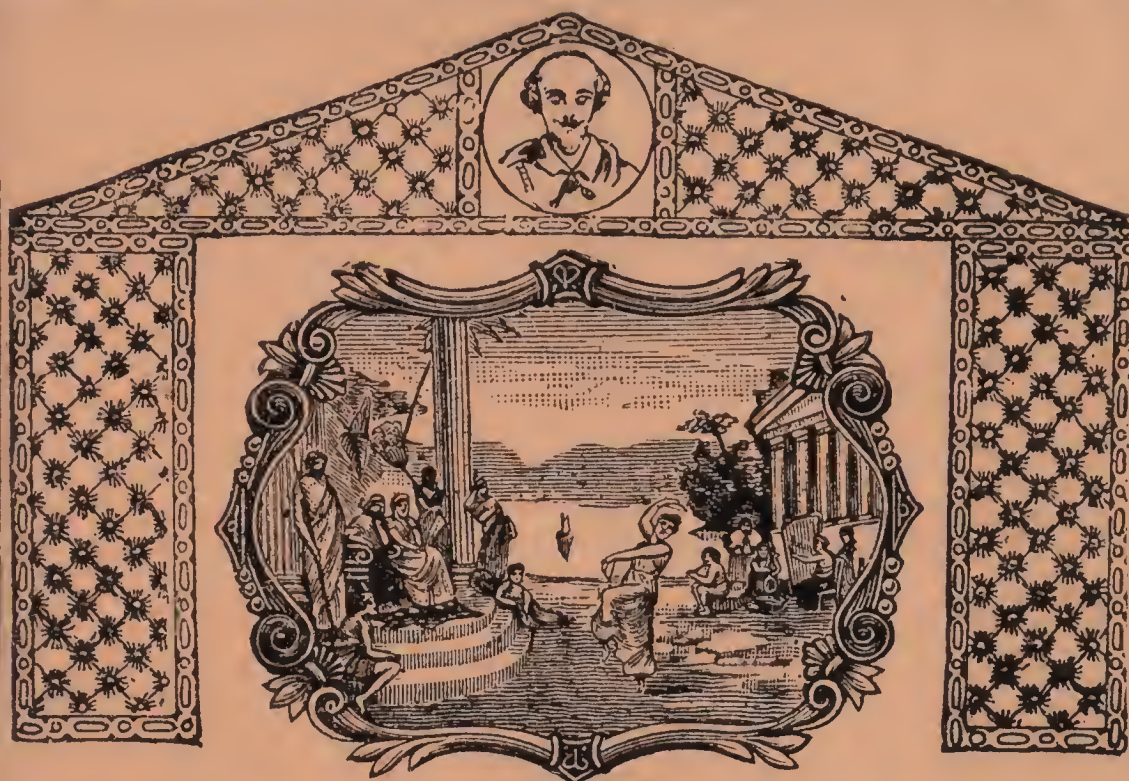
Exit, R.

CURTAIN.

EXPLANATION OF STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R.	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.
Right.	Right Centre.	Centre.	Left Centre.	Left.

FACING THE AUDIENCE.



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